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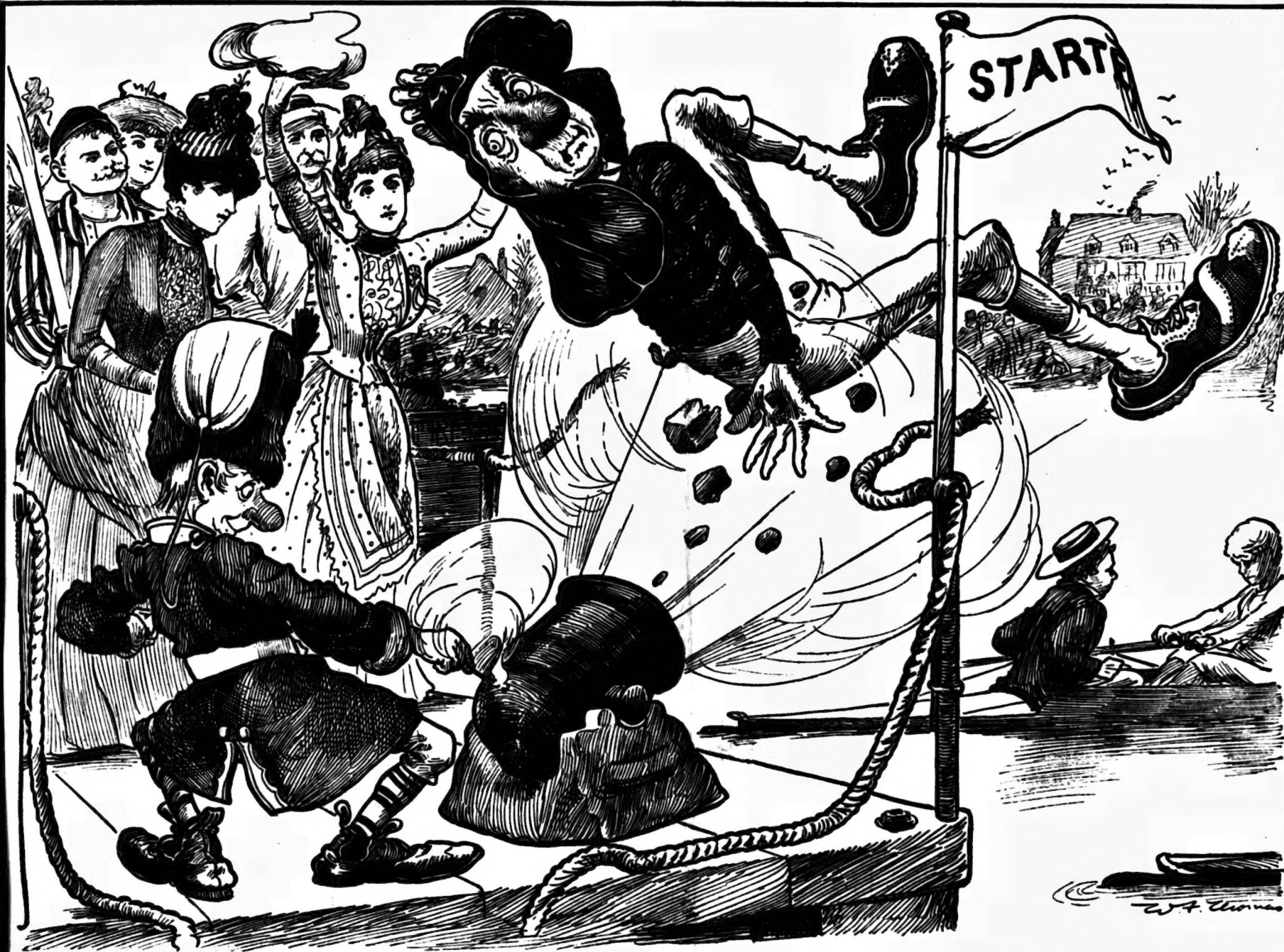
ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. IV.—No. 132.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1887.

[ONE PENNY.]



POOR PAPA AT THE BOAT-RACE.

"You heard, of course, that Poor Papa had been beseeched by the Crews to act as Starter. Well, everything would have gone off most successfully had not that little idiot Alexandry given the signal at a moment when my unfortunate Father was stooping over one of the boats. Poor Papa might have had his brains blown out."—TOOTSIE.

SOME STUDIES OF HUMAN NATURE.

No. 9.—A Weak-Minded, Scheming Mother-in-Law; or, Breaking a Girl's Heart.



1. TRUE LOVE.—Grace and Willie were made of the genuine stuff; but Naomi was a scheming Ma, and viciously frowned upon him.

2. NAOMI THE GORGON.—The beautiful Grace was coerced and informed that a husband who had wealth and position had been HOOKED for her.

3. SHAME!—Grace pleased her harsh Mother at the net cost of a Broken Heart. The HOOKED became a Dampier soaked in Champagne.

SOMETHING LIKE A LARK.

THERE are plenty of old sailors about who have funny stories to tell of time-honoured ceremonies performed upon greenhorns "crossing the line" but, seemingly, as far back as 1802 might have been found many young gentlemen who objected strongly to "shaving" and "ducking;" and among the number was one Mr. Maw, a subaltern in His Majesty's army, and who, in consequence of the treatment he was subjected to, brought an action against the officers and crew of the *Scaleby Castle*.

The crew was partly composed of Lascars, over the relations and friends of whom, some seven or eight young gentlemen holding commissions in the service, were going out to take command at the time they occupied the position of passengers, on the above-named ship, and the counsel for the prosecution very justly pointed out that the spectacle of their degradation before these natives was, to say the least, extremely injudicious.

All but Maw, in ignorance of the extent to which things would be carried, gave themselves up into the hands of "Neptune" and his crew, and were tarred, ducked in dirty water, and shaved or scraped with a piece of rusty iron-hoop. Maw, however, declared that he would not suffer such gross indignities, but offered to pay any forfeit that was customary. He was the more anxious to escape the ordeal on account of the probable exposure of a distressing infirmity, the distortion of one of his arms, a circumstance

that should have excited sympathy rather than the coarse and brutal jesting which it is said to have done. It appeared that Maw, after making repeated offers of money and grog to the men, on condition of their not molesting him, and finding these offers contemptuously rejected, shut himself up in his cabin, the door of which he barricaded with trunks and boxes the best way he was able, using the further precaution of lowering his port. Hither, after Maw had remained some time without light and air, and that under the equator, during the hottest part of the day, Neptune and his party came hammering at the door. Stoutly refusing to admit them, he again made an offer of money, if they would leave him unmolested; and the fourth mate volunteered to be responsible for Maw's supplying all with spirits on the ship's arrival at Bombay. Neither to be won by entreaties, nor intimidated by threats, Neptune's party procured the assistance of a carpenter to take the door off its hinges. Meanwhile, at the suggestion of the third mate, a man was lowered down the side of the ship, with a cutlass in one hand and a bludgeon in the other. With the latter he lifted up the port, and then, stretching the arm holding the cutlass into the cabin, he thrust and slashed in all directions, Maw parrying as best he could with his sword; but, though he could easily have stabbed or shot his assailant at this period, he abstained from doing so—indeed, the pistols with which he had armed himself, and which he let off now, in the hope of protecting himself from further molestation, were loaded with powder only. No sooner, however, were they both discharged, than the man made a leap into the cabin, the rest, at the same moment, rushing in by the door; and, after wrenching the sword from the only hand Maw had to hold one, dragged him up on deck.

There he clung for some time to the post of the cuddy door, shouting for the captain's help, but the captain, shut up in his cabin, could not, or would not hear. Such was now his horror and distress, that Maw made an attempt to throw himself overboard, which was frustrated. But neither the suffering he had already endured, nor his evidently preferring death itself to further indignity, had the effect of procuring him any respite. He was torn from his hold, dragged along the deck and forcibly fixed in a boat, half full of filthy water. His eyes being bandaged, a nauseous composition of pitch and tar was rubbed over his face and taken off again by means of the rusty iron hooping already mentioned. He was then held struggling for some seconds with his head beneath the water, and, indeed, was so roughly handled, that he subsequently required the surgeon's care. A Captain Spence, who was present, stated that he had repeatedly crossed the line, but that he had never witnessed such treatment as this gentleman had received, and the captain of the vessel admitted that the treatment was "highly improper" and should not have taken place had he been present, upon which the judge awarded Mr. Maw damages to the amount of £50.

"Uncle Benjamin is a-coming to two o'clock dinner o' Sunday, and he generally drops off to sleep when he's ate enough," said Alexander.

William replied not, but together the Blue-Eyed Baa-Lambs sallied forth into the back yard, and presently were tugging a lump of hooping off the waterbutt.

(Next week A Fair Fiend.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course.

A DISLIKER OF GIRLS (Euston Square).—All we can say is, we pity your taste, or rather, want of taste.—H. E. PARKER (Gravesend).—ALLY certainly "won his spurs" that day, and felt them, too.—E. SANDEMAN (Downham Road, N.).—The Eminent could have been King of Ireland had he so pleased, but he remembered "uncanny lies the head that wears a crown," and declined the honour.—FROM A FRIEND (Oxford Street, W.).—Your "little tales" are declined. One is very familiar to us.—SARAH TROTTER DEE (Kensington).—You kindly suggest many methods to "raise the wind," but the Eminent fears none of them would have the desired effect. The fact is, people have begun to distrust the Old Man's child-like nature, which is heart-breaking.—A CONSTANT READER (Rectory Road, N.).—It is impossible to please everyone.—W. J. TROTT (Finchley Road).—The photo in question was that of a black and a cut-throat looking individual. Does the description answer to your appearance?—GEORGE (West Croydon).—Tootsie is never annoyed at receiving a letter from one of her admirers. What girl is?—G. E. DOWLER (Smethwick).—ALLY is pleased to hear that the "HALF-HOLIDAY" is appreciated by old and young.—E. F. ALVIN (Camden Town).—Of no use, thank you.—AN ARDENT ADORER AT YOUR SHRINE (Islington).—Pray don't apologize for your familiarity; ALLY likes it, especially from a "pretty and fetching girl," such as you say you are. The stamp which you kindly sent to buy Snatcher a biscuit has been expended on peacocks' tongues, Snatcher being very fond of this delicacy.—ANON (Cork).—Sorry we can't present the "Award of Merit" to the gentleman you name. Of course you are not that gentleman?—A SUBSCRIBER.—Your drawing of the Eminent is not at all good. You had better take lessons in drawing from our Office Boy, who is very fond of it, especially as regards his weekly wage.

Rates of Subscription for "Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday." To any part of the United Kingdom, Continent, Canada, and United States of America, post-free:
3 Months, 1s. 6d.; 6 Months, 3s. 3d.; 12 Months, 6s. 6d.
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PARIS AGENCY, 3 RUE LAFAYETTE, 1½d. post-free.

—£1:1:0—

And the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given for the BEST BIRTHDAY PRESENT SENT TO A. SLOPER, Esq. As the Friend of Man was born on the First of April, Competitors should keep up the traditions of All Fools' Day by Addressing all Competitions to

"THE APRIL FOOL,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

. The List will close SATURDAY, APRIL 2ND, 1887.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Country Cousin (to London Girl). Why don't you get married, Gladys, dear? I'm sure you must have plenty of opportunities. Gladys. Oh, yes, dear! but the truth is, I can't afford to keep a husband.

WHY is a smoker, who has not the wherewithal to light his pipe, like an old maid?—Because he is match-less.

Bibulous Patient. I say, doctor, do you consider that Burton, sound old Burton, is bad for the gout?

Doctor. No, my dear sir; on the contrary, it is very good for it, will brink on an attack almost as soon as anything I know.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 152.—The "Queen Snake-Charmer" Costume.



THE BOAT-RACE UMPIRE.
Admiral Lord Bosh stood "watching" the Race, with a "Sloper" Watch in his hand, with all the pompous pride of ALLY himself.



THE NIGHT AFTER THE BOAT-RACE DAY.
(Captain Crasher returned home about 3 a.m. SUDDENLy lks.)
"Lor, is that you? How you made me jump!" said Mrs. Captain Crasher.



THE RIVER NYMPHS.—An Oxford and Cambridge Allegory.



A TRUE LOVERS KNOT.
Cambridge, No. 5, weight 13 st. 3 lbs., and of Fairbairn complexion, tying the favourite on his dear little sweetheart.



THEM OWDACIOUS BOYS!
Aunt Geeser discovering two panes of broken glass in her front window—all on account of the late snow-storm, no doubt.

NEVER say die! The Emperor William of Germany is ninety years of age, and yet on the recurrence of his birthday, on March 22nd, he celebrated it by going on the spree; or, if not actually on it, he was in close proximity to it.

Husband (just returned from City). Mary, I'm going to—
Wife (eagerly). Take me to the theatre to-night? Oh, you—
Husband. No! I'm going to give you—
Wife. What, those earrings I've been wanting so long? Oh, you—

Husband. No! I'm going to give you a piece of—
Wife (delighted). Oh, I know! a piece of gold brocade to—
Husband. NO, madam! I'm going to give you a piece of my mind for putting the baby's soiled pinafore in my coat pocket instead of a handkerchief.

Wife. Oh, is that all? You needn't have made such a fuss about a trifle like that.
[Consequences—A silent dinner and a sulky evening.]

THE last button's gone now, what can I do?

I must be at the office by eight.

Where is the missis? This act she shall rue.

Oh, I'm sure I shall be an hour late!

Here, Jane, fetch me up a piece of strong string.

Holy Moses! Be quick! I can't wait!

Also some half-dozen safety-pins bring.

I shall never get dressed at this rate.

Confound these pins! How the wretched things prick!

And this string it won't tie in a knot!

Oh, how I wish I had someone to kick!

Won't I give it the missis red-hot!

Oh, here you are! You have come, then, at last.

What the deuce— Eh? What's that you say?

Got the wrong trousers! The clock's an hour fast!

Well, I'm blessed! But it's always the way.

IN consequence of the late agitation with regard to the Civil Service writers, it was necessary that certain enquiries should be made of the chief of one of the Red Tape and Circumlocution offices. After enquiring the number of writers employed in that department, the official asked, "And how many regular clerks have you, please?" "Er—h'm!—well, I am very sorry to say that I have only one whom I could conscientiously call regular," replied the aged chief; "the others are all more or less irregular; but, of course, young men will be young men."

Country Parson, walking with his fiancée (to Little Boy, who has been playing by the side of the road). Well, my little man, what are you doing here?

Boy. Playin' at makin' a church, sir.

Parson. Ah! and which is the church?

Boy. This here's the church, sir, and this be the dooer, and this the organ, and here be the pulpit.

Parson. Yes; and where is the clergyman?

Boy. I ain't got rubbish enough to make th' parson, sir.

ON calling upon a head mistress at a certain Board School in a populous district one day last week, we found her armed on one side with a thick stick, and on the other with a wicked-looking life-preserver.

"Hullo!" we observed, "do you have so much trouble with your pupils as to require such—"

"Oh, no," she interrupted, with a forced smile. "These are not for my pupils; they are to protect me against the parents."

ONCE upon a time, when the world was in its prime,

Girls' dresses were made to their figure;

In the present day, if a girl dressed in that way,

Would not everybody snigger.

Girls wore pretty stays in those degenerate days,

Which fitted them, of course, you may guess;

Now would you believe it, one hardly can conceive it,

They do not fit the girls, but the dress.

Thin and Angular Father. What is the matter with you, Tommy?

You look quite disappointed.

Tommy. So I am, pa, 'cos you didn't tell the truth.

Father. Didn't tell the truth! What do you mean?

Tommy. Why, when Mr. Jones called here this morning about his bill, you told him you'd look round in about half an hour, and that's an hour ago, and you're not a bit rounder.

OLD Mrs. Toddles was walking along with her grandson the other day, when a certain ornamental (?) van, bearing a number of stuffed dogs, and belonging to a dog biscuit manufacturer, came in sight. "Bless me!" exclaimed the old lady, as she raised her pince-nez, "what's that?" "That's an advertisement, grandma," replied the youth, "for So-and-So's dog biscuits." "Well, I never!" cried the old lady, as she inspected the different varieties of the canine tribe, "and I suppose them's the poor creatures that have died from eating of it."

SCENE—Lady Vere de Vere's Boudoir.

Doctor (with professional suavity). Good morning, my lady, and how are we to-day?

Lady V. de V. Oh! so much better, doctor, thank you.

Doctor. Ah! then the shower-bath, no doubt, did you good.

Lady V. de V. Oh, yes, indeed! But I had so much trouble to prevent getting wet, for I couldn't find an umbrella small enough to go inside at first; but I succeeded at length, and I didn't get a drop of water on me.

[The doctor's face is a caution.]

BROWN was talking to Smith one day,

As tow'rs the City they hied;

Said Brown, "Do you remember Jones?"

His uncle has lately died."

"Jones!" said Smith; "a pitiful cur—

A liar and thief beside;

He hasn't one redeeming point

His pitifulness to hide."

"Oh, come," said Brown, "I really think

You should keep your tongue in bounds;

The uncle that died has left young Jones

Just a hundred thousand pounds!"

"Oh, Lor!" cried Smith, "can that be true?

How does he bear his sorrow?

I always did like that young Jones—

I'll call on him to-morrow."

"HAVE you any draws here?" inquired a youthful masher of the landlord of a public-house the other day. "Don't wear 'em," was the reply. "I—I—mean Prize draws," stammered the blushing youth. "What's that to do with you?" cried the rapidly warming Boniface. "Why, if you had, I thought I should like to have one—" "One!" interrupted the host; "what d'you mean? D'you think I've got a wooden leg?" [And it took a quarter of an hour to explain to him the difference between draws and drawers, and then he would not apologise for assaulting the gentle youth.]

SCENE—Doctor's doorstep. TIME—2 o'clock a.m.

Doctor (irritably). Well, what's the matter now!

Young Father. Oh, doctor, the baby has been crying ever since

we went to bed, and—

Doctor (indignantly). Do you mean to say that you have called

me down at this time of the morning about such a trifle as that?

Y. F. (feelingly). You wouldn't call it a trifle if you had to walk

about in the cold to keep him quiet."

TOOTSIE AT THE ROYALTY.

MR. CHRIS. CHRISTOPHER CHUBB is a retired hatter. Possibly he made his money in those happy hatter days the Dook Snook talks of when hats were Müllerered, as "W. M." amusingly relates in the *Pink 'Un*, where he tells how he and other small boys at school cut down their Sunday bests by nearly three inches, and when he got home to his poor pa, there was a want of reciprocity between him and that parent, and what for followed. Mr. Chubb is the poor pa of three moderately fine and large maidens, fair to behold, two of whom he gives in marriage, and t'other he betrothes. How often how little poor pas know what is in store for them. The hatter's selection was not a happy one. Just when he and his good lady are congratulating themselves on the blissful betrothal of No. 3 (which her stage name is Dorothy, but is otherwise known as Eva), up turn the two married ones, who, according to their poor pa, have been pronounced by their respective hubbies as hardly "up to sample." These two poor unfortunate last season's goods, Aggie and Gracie, don't, however, seem to have committed any very terrible crimes. Aggie, who is fond of outting, may not always have got home in time for tea. Aggie's good man, it is true, is of the domestic-toasted-muffin-and-worsted-slipper style, which is perhaps a pity. Gracie's grievance is that her lot is a rampant, restless wretch, who can't eat cold veal for lunch. As I myself, like many other sensible persons, am particularly partial to cold veal, I can't sympathise with him. Fortunately for poor pa both ladies are unencumbered by a young family, but the unmarried daughter, staggered by the awful experiences of the two that had been got off, tells her betrothed she doesn't intend to play at betrothing any longer, and then the betrothed pretty nearly goes wild. After collecting together the scattered contents of his brain-pan, he comes to the conclusion that if he can make the wivies and hubbies all jealous of one another, presently joy will prevail, and the fevered clutches of ecstasy supersede the pinch and cuff of disarranged domestic blissfulness. Alas! the plan is a wrong one, and doesn't answer the least little bit. Hecious complications ensue. Rage and fury, desolation and despair are nothing to what follows. Never was a hatter as mad as Edouin becomes, nor a number of young men and women, all at one time, so off their heads; but the public in front sit and scream with laughter all the while, just as of course in real life they would do at other people's little love troubles.

The acting of everybody concerned is capital, and so is the dialogue of the piece—the work, I am very grieved to say, of one who will write no more. I can hardly tell you how much bright and humorous work of Ernest Warren's has appeared in these columns, and in *Judy*, and in the shape of books, such as the "White Cat," the "Four Flirts," "Laughing Eyes," the "Queen of Coquettes," and others, and at the moment that this fearful climate of ours brought on his fatal illness a great prospect seemed opening before him on the stage.

There are a good many very good things just now to be seen at the London Theatres: the diabolique at the Lyceum, the spectacular at Drury Lane, the variety at the Strand, the burlesque at the Adelphi and Princess's, and the farcical at the Court and Royalty. Try the Royalty, and mind you're in time for the *Coming Clown*, which will make you laugh, and in which Willie Edouin and Alice Atherton also appear.

Things are not happy at home. Poor Pa has been having some trouble with the tradesmen, who keep calling and saying times are hard, and it's all going out and nothing coming in; and the butcher seems to intend not to let any more go, and has refused to serve Alexandry except for cash.

Lord Bob's father is still unwell, and Bob says he can't leave him, and hopes I'll bear up. That's very easy to say. Billy called to-day. He looks quite thin. He met Alexandry outside going for the chops, and we asked him to stop. He and the Dook, who has come too, are waiting in the parlour, and Alexandry has just brought back the butcher's ultimatum.



Agatha Honeysett: ALICE ATHERTON.



Dorothy Chubb: EVA WILSON.



Caleb Chubb: WILLIE EDOUIN.

EACH WEEK'S COMPETITION COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again." ALEXANDRY.

TWENTY SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK. THE "SLOPER" WATCH. Guaranteed to keep perfect time.

With this week's "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," TWENTY "SLOPER" WATCHES will be given away to Purchasers of the Paper only. Each watch will have engraved upon it a faithful likeness of A. SLOPER, Esq., Friend of Man. Cut out and fill in the Label printed below, and post it to — THE "SLOPER" WATCH DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

THE "SLOPER" WATCH COMPETITION.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 26th, 1887.

Name

Address

Age

Occupation, if any

How many times applied

How long a Purchaser of the "Half-Holiday"

The results of each week's Competition will be published in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY." The list for this week's Competition will close on Wednesday evening next, March 30th, 1887. The Result of the Competition of March 19th, 1887, will be published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 2nd, 1887.

* * Specimen "SLOPER" WATCHES are on view at "The Sloperies."

33rd WEEK. RESULT OF MARCH 12th COMPETITION.

The following Twenty Applicants have been awarded "SLOPER" WATCHES:—

1. AGNES BUCKLAND, Trained Medical Nurse, 51 St. John's Wood Terrace, St. John's Wood. Age, 26 years. Subscriber—15 months. LONDON.
2. JOHN J. WOOTTON, Civil Servant, 11 Bramah Road, Mostyn Road, Brixton. Age, 32 years. Subscriber—Since No. 6. LONDON.
3. STUART TATTERSHALL, Schoolboy, 13 Shaftesbury Road, Hornsey Rise. Age, 13 years. Subscriber—From commencement. LONDON.
4. JOHN R. BAILEY, H.M. Constable, New Buildings, Broad Street, Kirkwall. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—2 years and 8 months. ORKNEY ISLES.
5. EDWARD R. STONE, Railway Clerk, Ashwellthorpe. Age, 17 years. Subscriber—2 years. WYMONDHAM.
6. R. W. HARDING, Butcher, High Street. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—2 years; 5 months regularly. BRUTON.
7. FRED W. WALLIS, Telegraphist, 3 Thorn Terrace. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—13 months, 2 weeks. LISKEARD.
8. JAMES DAVIES, Groom, Stowell. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—2 years. NORTHLEACH.
9. EDWARD WALTER, Assistant Schoolmaster, Aueba Cottage, Windmill Street. Age, 21 years. Subscriber—Have taken every number. HYTHE.
10. GEORGE DAVE, Signaller, Horsted Keynes Station. Age, 27 years. Subscriber—2 years, 5 months, and 1 week. EAST GRINSTEAD.
11. LOUIE WOOD, Dressmaker, St. John's Street. Age, 24 years. Subscriber—1 year, 8 months. BICESTER.
12. W. HEATH, Blacksmith, 3 Gosport Street. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—1 year, 11 months. LYMINGTON.
13. JOE DRAKE, Bill-poster, Union Street. Age, 25 years. Subscriber—2 years, 3 months. CLECKHEATON.
14. JOHN FOSTER, Licensed Victualler, "King of Prussia." Age, 38 years. Subscriber—since commencement. BRIDPORT.
15. BEATRICE LORD, Comedy Actress, 26 Regent Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—almost from beginning. HASLINGDEN.
16. GEORGE B. BUTLER, Shortland Writer, 10 Hope Street. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—since No. 2. WEST HARTLEPOOL.
17. THOMAS SMITH, Lime Merchant, Nash Lime Works. Age, 46 years. Subscriber—over 15 months. KINGSTON.
18. HARPER STICKINGS, Schoolboy, Church Street. Age, 11 years. Subscriber—2 years, 1 month. WYE.
19. FRANK E. SAMPSON, Engineer, Granby House, St. John's Road. Age, 20 years. Subscriber—2 years, 7 months. BEDMINSTER.
20. E. WOODWARD, Professional Cricketer, 3 Gressford Place. Age, 23 years. Subscriber—over 2 years. EGREMONT.

ON A CROPPED MAIDEN.

SHE'S rosy, bright, and fair,
And cuts her curly hair
Like a mop.
But I love her, that I do,
From her dainty little shoes
To her crop!

How studious she looks
As she's working at her books—
Maiden sage.
But sometimes there will unfurl
A naughty little curl
O'er the page.

Then the rosy head she shakes,
Which matters only makes
Rather worse;
For the curly little pate
Becomes, instead of straight,
The reverse.

I wonder how a fay
If she wore her hair this way.
Would appear?
Though I'm certain that to me
No other head could be
Half so dear.

But she says I mustn't laugh,
And "will not stand" my chaff—
She's too big;
"She will cut off all her hair."
And, "if I don't take care,
WEAR A WIG!"

A PRETTY IDEA.

"WHAT a pretty girl that girl is," said Mr. Snookson, of the Military Eye-over Department, to Captain Chucklehead, Deputy-Assistant Secretary. "Sticks to her work wondrous well," said the Captain C. "It's much nicer to have girls acting as book-binders in the place of a lot of fellows stinking of glue and fourpenny ale."



"Quite an industrious little Tootsie-Wootsey."

"A deal nicer," said the other. The girl came from a very good firm of bookbinders in London, and her work was to stitch up anything that had come undone in the way of loose-bound maps, plans, &c., and anything else that belonged to the military Eye-over department. "Quite an industrious little Tootsie-Wootsey," said one of the clerks, as he still saw her sticking to her work after everyone else had left the building. "Do you like going to the play?" said one of the under-clerks. Minnie—for that was the name she went by—said she did. They went then to the play, and the young clerk was awfully confidential to her about everything. "That old ass, Captain C.," he said, "has been poring about all the day over those Medway plans with General Topknot. Pair of old asses! what do they want to lug them out for? They had out that great green portfolio by the window nearly all the day." Minnie said she would have Lager with her chop. The next day Minnie had to stitch up the big green portfolio that had been rather pulled about by Captain C. She spent a deal of time over it, and made a thoroughly good job of her task.

The naval Attaché at St. Petersburg was talking to Admiral Terpitoff.



"I am glad I am of use to somebody."

"You couldn't do what you say," he said to the Russian Admiral, "it would be perfectly impossible with them Wash Ferts." The Admiral answered, "Why there is twenty-five feet of water there!" "How the deuce do you know that?" The Russian Admiral blushed as if he had let a cat out of the bag.

"Darling Minnie," said little Snookson, "to think that you are going away to America, or anywhere else, and I'm so fond of you, and everybody is so fond of you, and you are such a stunner altogether!"

"I am glad I am of use to somebody," she said, drily. Snookson felt hurt that Minnie should treat him so coolly, and almost regretted the waste of his youthful affections.

The void occasioned by the departure of Minnie was eventually filled by a modest little damsel employed in a West-end dress-making establishment.

The Russian had been very busy diplomatically. Captain Chucklehead had been sent on a mission to Moscow.

He was an amiable, turnip-headed hero, who had been equerry to a royal favourite, the Prince of Saxe-Seidlitz, so of course he was better than anyone else at the Horse Guards.

So far as his limited capacity would allow, he was astonished at the acquaintance Russian officials possessed with our harbour soundings, details of intricate mechanism connected with English torpedoes, and other weapons of offence and defence, plans of vessels in our navy, and the general routine of army and navy, that Captain Chucklehead had imagined were known to but few even in this country, and which the people fondly believed were State secrets. As he was sauntering down the Newsky Prospect, on a fine June afternoon, watching the trams go, and wondering whether he should go to the gardens and hear the gipsies in the evening, he caught sight of a face in a stationer's window, that was oddly familiar to him.

He entered the shop. "Good morning, Captain Chucklehead!"

The Russian shop assistant was the bookbinder of the Eye-over department. She was a Russian spy.



He entered the shop.



Life, without fancy, no imaginative mortal could endure; but substantial fact is best to sit down on.



PERKINS UPSETS HIS POLLY.
"And pray, Mr. Perkins, do you suppose I'm going to believe that story?" asked Mrs. Perkins, as she fixed the returning roysterer with a stony eye.



BUT WHEN SHE CAME HOME—!!!
Here are Tommy and Betsy, who thought, as mamma had gone to the Boat Race, it would be a good opportunity to make some hardbake!

FANCIFUL FLOSSY, THE FETCHING FLIRTIST.—(Fragments from a Boat Race Novelette.)



1. "AND you really love me, Bert?" whispered Flossy, looking trustingly up into his face. Is the Brazenose stroke car in the Oxford boat, was not the man to mince matters. "A lot, Flossy!" cried he. "Then win the race, and this little jewelled hand shall be yours for ever and for aye," she said. "I will strain every nerve—" "Oh, do nothing rash!" cried the tender girl, interrupting him.



2. "Why do I love you, Flossy?" sighed Phil Pembroke, the Camford stroke. "Why ask? Why does the sun shine? Why does—?" "Enough!" cried she, starting to her feet. "Nay, dearest," said he; "hear me; I am full of metaphor to-day." "Oh, spare me!" cried the trembling girl. "Then will you marry me?" "I will, on one condition—that you win the race." "I'll strain every sinew—" "Oh! hurt not yourself," cried Flossy. "I will not, sweet one, for your sake," said he tenderly.



3. "I say, Flossy, what a jolly girl you are," said Chirpie Clark, the Camford cox'n. "No, seriously now, do you think you could marry a fellow?" "I believe I could if I tried," said she, archly. "Well, then, marry me." "Will you lose the race if I will?" He hesitated. He was an honest lad. Their eyes met. "I'll lose it," he said.



SPRING-HEELED JACK
Tried his little games on Mrs. S. on the banks of the Thames; but the "Matronly" sent for him like an Amazon.



4. Willie Wadham, cox'n to the Oxford eight, walked silently by Flossy's side for some time. At last he spoke. "Miss Flutterlove, I am young, I know. Still, I am not so young as I have been." "Heavens! Mr. Wadham, you surprise me!" cried Flossy. "but I know what is coming—you love me." "I do!" "And would marry me?" "I would!" "Then lose the race!" "I will!"



5. "I was not until she was alone in her boudoir that Flossy realized to the full extent to what her flirting propensities would lead. Thousands who had staked their little all on the race were unconsciously dependent on her caprice. She could not bear the solitude of her chamber. Throwing over her white shoulders a robe, she issued into the corridor—and stood face to face with the Earl.



6. The Earl's white aristocratic hand toyed lovingly with her luxuriant tresses as she told him all. The noble reflected. "Nay, Flossy," said he, suddenly, "the balance of power is equal—two to win, two to lose. Why trouble that pretty head with the matter? Come, think only in the future of one of noble rank, of generous nature, and elegant exterior—myself." With a wild shriek of joy, the girl threw herself into his arms.



"HA! HA! HO! HO!"
General Marins Bombolo in Mynheer Jan, at the Comedy.



CATCHING A CRAB; OR, "ONE FOR HIS NOB."
Nellie Hikiks was, of course, out on the mash on the Boat Race day, and she has made up her mind never to venture on the water again with a beau who cannot feather his oar.



ALL VERY FINE AND LARGE.
A purveyor of the gentle whelk, who supplied Boat Race spectators with a delicious à la Sinoise.



THE NIGHT OF THE BOAT-RACE



GOING TO "BARNEY"
Lardi Longsex in her "Lovey-Dovey" costume on the 26th.



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Ladies and Gentlemen, now is the winter of our discontent made glorious spring-time by the Sun of SLOPER, so don your baggy garments, and leisurely gaze upon this mental feast provided:—The sons of Mars torpedoes make, To fly through air like geese or drake:—We're told to love our enemy, So Queen and Pope with THIS agree:—At last! Look there!—the cause is PUMPED! All hail! "Milk, yo ho!"—the cow with the iron tail!—The Yankee Doodle Labour Scrapes, Have set to work some fine large Apes:—What ho! Qui vive Froggy vous? You're burnt yourself this time, Mossoo:—A beggar brute in Portsmouth town Stabbed a poor girl who hadn't "a brown":—Rage, blow, ye winds, and crack your cheeks! Whirl round your fury, SLOPER speaks!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



THE NIGHT OF THE BOAT-RACE.—A False Start.



GOING TO "BARNES."
Lardi Longsox in her "Lovey-Dovey" costume, as she appeared on the 26th.



OUR GENERAL SERVANT.—Her Boat-Race Day Folly.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

HURRAH for the merry river! Spring dawns once more upon us poor half-starved, frozen-out, miserable-looking Londoners, and with it comes the first of our great aquatic picnics. Who will win is the great question now being asked. What does ALLY care whether it be Oxford or Cambridge as long as he finds himself among youth and loveliness with a plentiful supply of "Tommy" around him? So three cheers for the dark and light blue.



McGOOSELEY wants to know what is the natural sequence of drunkenness? His question is suggested by a report from Brighton, which says that Captain Ernest Parleton was the other day charged before the magistrates there with being drunk "and so on." The "so on" in Captain Parleton's case proved to be a comprehensive phrase, for he was accused of bursting the lock off his landlady's front door, smashing glass and flower-pots, and getting in through the window. Other incidents included in the charges brought against him were running up hotel bills and not paying them, and bilking a cabman of his fare. McGooseley says happily it is not him who gets drunk "and so on" and outrages the proprieties like this.

A. SLOPER, Esq., may fairly be said to be able to hold his own, as a connoisseur in the taste of good stuff: and being "pumped" as to the quality of Mr. John Quinn's, "The O'Connell Monument" Irish Whisky, the other day, he merely smacked his lips in an expressive way to Tom Moore, a young branch of the "Last Rose of Summer." This so pleased the facetious sprig of Ould Oireland, that, clapping ALLY on the back, he said, "Arrah! shure now, ALLY, me broth' av a bhoys, roses isn't in it by a long way, at all, at all! If me lamented and illustrious forefather, Tom Moore—rest his soul!—had tasted this brand, I'm shure his immortal lines would have been—

"You may break, you may shatter the goblet at will,
The O'Connell sweet flavour will cling to it still!"

"Hurrooh for Ould Oireland!"

THE Gore-Bespattered Boy hears that breaches of confidence, of which the clerk at Chatham Dockyard has been guilty, amount in time of war to high treason, but by a defect of the law, disclosed not long since in another case, they are not in themselves punishable. Malversations by judicial or executive officers of the law are indictable as misdemeanours. All the conspirators need not be indicted, but a prisoner may be charged with conspiring with someone not before the court, or with a person unknown.

WHAT M. de Lesseps told his interviewer at Berlin the other day, is what well-informed persons have been saying for many weeks past. It is not war between France and Germany that has been threatening, but war between France and England. Nor, according to M. de Lesseps, is the danger, in this latter case, by any means yet over. But Bill Higgins thinks that perfidious Albion could sweep the whole nest of frog-eaters into the Bay of Biscay Oh, if the little game was tried on.

THE South Acton Minstrel Troupe gave an excellent entertainment recently at the Parish Hall, South Acton. The Mouldy-Headed Wreck and his wife were present, and by general desire took part in a capital little sketch entitled "The Dentist's Den." Afterwards the firewater flowed about freely, and the Eminent got quite chummy with the troupe. It was a pleasant sight to see ALLY dragging the merry minstrels from under the table, where they would insist on reclining among the glasses and bottles. O, ye niggers, why did you not take example from your noble manager, who indignantly refused the bottle, and took to the homely tankard!

WITH regard to the cruelties so often spoken of in connection with seal-killing, nothing, Captain Gray states to Uncle Boflin, could exceed the atrocities common some years ago, and the sight of the infant seals, often shockingly wounded, deprived of the mother seals which gave them their sustenance, was piteous in the extreme. Since the close time was instituted, however, the young seals are old enough to be killed for their skins; and there are no such harrowing sights to be seen on the ice as was formerly the case, because, in fact, young and old are slaughtered together—"every mortal thing, in short, is cleaned off the ice."

ALLY hears that, during the earthquake scare at a certain town on the Riviera, a lady, whose beautiful golden hair had excited the admiration of all beholders, rushed from her room into the garden, all "tattered and shorn," her fright being so great that she had neglected to don her tresses. This is evidently a new rendering of "The Lost Hair."



BILLIAM the Bloodguttered says, the schooner *Lucy T. Harvey*, which was sailing from Port Prince to Philadelphia was manned by a crew of negroes. She had left Port Prince some days, when the captain and the crew were all surprised to see the deck invaded by hundreds of centipedes, insects whose bite is as dangerous as that of scorpions. They succeeded, however in killing them all with boiling water. Some days later the steward ran from the hold with cries of terror, saying that it swarmed with centipedes and scorpions. Some of the crew provided with lanterns descended into the hold, and the insects, frightened by the light, came on the deck by thousands. Billiam the Cute'un, supposes that the schooner having a cargo composed of wood for building, and cedar, which was much worm-eaten, that the centipedes had probably made their lively nests in the interior.

THE other Sunday, while the Rev. A. Evington was reading prayers in St. John's Church, Blackburn, a large ornamental pipe, 16ft. long, and weighing about 1cwt., fell from the organ and dropped between the clergyman and the prayer-book with a great crash. Dear Mrs. Sloper says if it had fallen a couple of inches the other way, Mr. Evington would probably have been killed, poor man.

THE word-competition craze led to such an abuse of the dictionary in the British Museum Reading-room, that special regulations have had to be put in force for the protection of those readers who use these volumes as mere books of reference. Readers are now forbidden to take these precious works to their own seats, and have to study them in front of the shelves or at a special table. This salutary regulation will have the effect of preventing any breach of the peace among the lady-readers, and they will now be able to roll home howling that beautiful song, "We can't get at it."



LORD BOB says that in matters of life and death the Home Secretary represents the Crown, and Her Gracious Majesty might have been well advised to have pardoned Mrs. Berry, done to death by the law the other morning at Walton Gaol, Liverpool. Into the question of the hapless creature's guilt he does not intend to enter. A jury of her fellow-countrymen, after due and deliberate trial, found the woman guilty. At the same time many people feel that this is "Jubilee Year," and the quality of mercy might perhaps not have been "strained" had the royal prerogative been exercised, and the hangman, for the nonce, been displaced by the prison warder.

SOME curious phenomena have been observed since the recent earthquakes. Near Varese a large fissure has opened in the mountain about 20 centimetres wide, but of unknown depth. From this fissure steam and bituminous vapours proceed. Strong oscillatory movements are felt at Monte Baldo, the whole mountain seeming to move. In fact, the mountain of Genius, viz., the Sloper Cranium, was known for a certainty to have shook its massive intellect with unwonted rapidity, the other night, after "a customary," while a few gentle tears besprinkled the cold, cold slab around the sustaining lamp-post.

THE protracted season of dry weather experienced since the beginning of February has operated very much in favour of a healthy crop of corn, and, as a rule, the fields of spring-sown wheat have shot up strong blades. Of course there are complaints that small birds pull them up to an apparently injurious extent in frosty mornings. Doubts may, however, be entertained whether they do not seek for wire worms rather than the seed corn at the roots of the plants, and if so, they may do good instead of harm.



THE primitive man, who—as Mr. Lang sings—"lived upon oysters and foes," had brought the difficult art of brain-surgery to a considerable degree of perfection, must have been news to most of Mr. Victor Horsley's audience at the Royal Institution. The operation of trephining, to which the lecturer most particularly referred, must have been pretty serious in days when the surgeons sawed through the skull with a stone saw, and so far, at least, no traces of the use of anaesthetics have been discovered. William Higgins, Esquire, says, that probably in days when edged tools as yet were not, and cutting and thrusting were, therefore, impossible modes of attacks, the combatants "went for" each other's heads with their celts as a matter of course, much as their modern representative, the British schoolboy, now does with his fists.

ANOTHER escape of gas was discovered with disastrous swiftness at Sheffield a few days ago. A married lady named Wilson discovered a smell of gas, when, probably not thinking what she was doing, she ran a lighted candle along a pipe. She was taken to the infirmary, but unfortunately succumbed to her injuries after lingering in great suffering. Far be it from us to attempt anything like a jest in the near presence of so grave a personal calamity. At the same time people cannot be too seriously instructed as to the advisability of making their wills, and saying good-bye to their friends before searching with a candle where an escape of gas is perceived by the olfactory organs.

MR. C. H. HAWTREY's new production, *The Snowball*, at the Globe Theatre, seems likely to be a favourite with the public. The whole thing is as light as whipped cream, and as harmless. It is as easy to blow the plot away as to scatter thistle-down. But so skilful in the dramatist, and so ingenious in the art of twisting and intertwining a harmless complication, that the spectator finds himself amused rather at the cleverness of the recital than with the incidents that hold it together.

ARCTIC produce, it has been indicated to Alexandry, has of recent years diminished in value as well as in quantity. A ton of whale oil, indeed, is more valuable in one sense than ever it was, because to every ton of oil a whale yields a hundredweight of bone; and whalebone now brings more than twice the return which it yielded in former years. The whalebone, however, is now at a higher price than ever. It is in great demand for ladies' corsets and the like, and the Gentle Blue-Eyed One slyly poked his fair sister, the adorable Tootsie, in the ribs, and got a sharp rap over his knuckles for his rudeness.



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 2ND, 1887.

27th March, 1860.—The Clothworkers' Company Hall in Mincing Lane was this day opened by Prince Albert. This company was incorporated by Charter 22, of Edward IV., in 1365. A richly-chased silver cup, presented by Samuel Pepys to this company—of which he was master in 1677—is still constantly used at their festivals. Cloth was first introduced into England from Flanders about the year 1112. The derivation of the tavern sign, "The Ram and Teasel," in Queen's Head Street, Islington, is from the arms of the Clothworkers' Company—the ram representing the crest, and the teal one of the bearings in the arms of the company, who were the ground landlords of the property.

27th March, 1782.—The toll on London Bridge was this day abolished. Tolls were first used on turnpikes in 1663. They were first collected in London for repairing the highways of Holborn, St. Martin's Lane, and Gray's Inn Road, in 1316.

27th March, 1593.—Theodore de Bry, an engraver of considerable ability, the son of a wealthy Liege family, who died this day, is said to have engraved and furnished, to goldsmiths and watch-makers, many designs for their works at the latter part of the 16th century.

28th March, 1868.—In the *Gardener's Chronicle* of this date there is an account of the observations of a lady who was interested in the habits of earthworms. On one occasion she removed the little heaps of stones from the mouths of several worms' burrows, and cleared the surface of the ground for some inches all round. She went out on the following night with a lantern, and saw the worms with their tails fixed in their burrows, dragging the stones inwards by the aid of their mouths, no doubt by suction. After two nights some of the holes had eight or nine small stones over them; after four nights one had about thirty, and another thirty-four stones. One stone, which had been dragged over the gravel walk to the mouth of a burrow, weighed two ounces, and this proves how strong worms are.

28th March, 1799.—The French ambassadors were this day assassinated at Radstat. The infamy of this base action is shared by the French emigrants and the Austrians.

29th March, 1840.—George Bryan (Beau) Brummel, the dandy, and favourite of George IV., died this day. His relics and his knickknacks were sold. Amongst them was a snuff-box, and in it a piece of paper, on which he had written: "This snuff-box was intended for the Prince Regent, if he had conducted himself with more propriety towards me." They say the Beau used, at Court and in the Mall, at Brighton and in the Parks, to "open his box with peculiar grace." He would hold the jewel (for in his palmy days all his boxes deserved to be called so) in his left hand, and by a dexterous movement of his thumb, he would press the spring and gently open the casket, whence he took the refreshing pinch. The sycophants and parasites used to say, and their successors repeat it even now, that Brummel accomplished this graceful feat "like the Prince of Wales." Pshaw! Why, Brummel taught George how to do it! There may be romance even in a pinch of snuff, after all.

29th March, 1837.—The *Akhbar Vekai* (News and Events), the first Persian newspaper, made its appearance on this date, at Teheran.

30th March, 1866.—Gordon Cumming, the famous "Lion Hunter," died this day, aged 47. The keepers, who lead the lions in procession before the Sultan, are described by Evlia as "carrying in their hands conserves of Gazelles' meat, seasoned with opium and other spices, holding large cudgels, and leading each lion in four iron chains plated with gold or silver. If one of these lions enraged is going to assail the spectators, the lion-keepers hold under his nose the conserve of Gazelles' meat with opium, which renders the beast tame and quiet, and in that way they keep and rule it."

30th March, 1780.—A waggon, from London to Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, took fire this day on the road, and was burned, with much valuable property. A shock of an earthquake was felt in this village on 1st March, 1791.

30th March, 1601.—Henry Cuffer, celebrated for his wit, learning, and misfortune, was this day executed at Tyburn. An epigram alluding to his Greek politician and literary character, says:—

"Thy Alpha was crowned with hope;
Thy Omega proved but a rope."

30th March, 1850.—The *Royal Adelaide* steamship, trading between Cork and London, was this day wrecked on the Tongue Sand, North Foreland, and all on board drowned. She had put into Plymouth all right, and was known to have left there with 180 passengers, a crew of 24, and a cargo of general merchandise.

31st March, 1713.—In "Swift's Journal" of this date, we read:—"This evening Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I were contriving a *lie for to-morrow*, that Mr. Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the 'Black Swan,' at Holborn. We are all to send to our friends, to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." A similar custom to All Fools' Day (April 1) has been common among the Hindoos, at their Huli festival, on the 31st March, from a very early period.

31st March, 1797.—Daniel Bull Macartney, an Irish gentleman, died this day, aged 112. He married his fifth wife, who survived him, at the age of 84, when she was 14, by whom he had twenty children in twenty years. His constitution was so hardy that no cold affected him, and he could not bear the warmth of a sheet in the night-time for the last seventy years of his life. In company he drank freely of rum and brandy, which he called *naked truth*, and retained his activity to the time of his death.

31st March, 1812.—Wells, the pedestrian, this day undertook, for £5, to walk from Westminster Bridge to Croydon and back, a distance of nineteen miles, in two hours. He performed it in two minutes less than the time, but dropped down with fatigue, and was unable to walk home.

1st April, 1791.—François Joseph Talma, the French tragedian, this day founded the Théâtre François de la rue de Richelieu. On one occasion, soon after his return to Paris, where the playgoers were angry at his long absence, Talma performed Coriolanus at this theatre, and when he came to the line, "Adieu, Rome; je pars—" a sharp voice called out from the *parterre*, "Pour les départements!" which (says Jerdan) set the house in a roar.

1st April, 1842.—An inundation occurred this day at Derby. The streets were under water for several hours, and one young woman was drowned in her bed.

1st April, 1884.—General Tom Thumb this day appeared before the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

1st April, 1853.—Manchester was this day made a city by Royal Charter.

1st April, 1859.—The lions' van of Wombwell's menagerie was this day upset in a storm at Holywell, North Wales, and the exhibitor and three boys were killed.

1st April, 1761.—At Monmouth Assizes a girl, aged 18, was this day sentenced to be burned for murdering her mistress. This was among the last punishments by burning in England.

2nd April, 1696.—There fell this day in many parts of Ireland a thick dew, which the country people called butter, from the consistency and colour of it, being soft, clammy, and of a dark yellow. This phenomenon had for some time been of frequent occurrence. It fell always in the night, and chiefly in moorish, low grounds, on the top of the grass, and on the thatch of the cabins. It frequently lay a fortnight without changing its colour, and had a bad odour, like that of churchyards or graves.

2nd April, 1755.—Severndroog Castle, on the coast of Malabar the rendezvous of the celebrated pirate Augria, was this day taken by the English, under Com. Jones.

2nd April, 1864.—Mr. T. P. Cooke, the actor, died this day.

TO A FLY.



IE, you fly! why madly try
Yourself to cast into my eye?
Is space not vast from earth to sky?
The poles are wide, the zenith high;
Yet you must try, you foolish fly,
To drown yourself in my poor eye!

Want a bath, eh? feeling dry?
The river flows o'er there, close by,
And I suppose the ocean's nigh.
Pray bathe or drink, and don't be
shy!

No one will pry, you simple fly;
You need not hide in my poor eye!

Countless leagues before you lie;
You've lots of room—you can't
deny.

Go, buzz and boom! S'pose you and I
Keep far apart, and "quits" we'll cry.
Why seek to die, you silly fly,
Before your time! There—go! Good-bye!

HOME, SWEET HOME!

It is said that even a worm will turn. We have seen one wriggle a good deal, so this may be true; but a more wonderful thing still happened last week. Mr. Pennecker turned! He had a most important appointment to keep, and was dressing in a great hurry to catch the train; but on searching in his drawer for a clean collar, there was not one to be found. Mrs. P. had forgotten to send them to the laundress. "Upon my word—this is too bad!" exclaimed Mr. Pennecker. Something! Something!! Something!!! (These are bad words. The reader will please supply them according to his own vocabulary). "Such a thing as this never happened in my first wife's time! If poor dear Alice were alive—" "There, now, that's quite enough about her," interrupted Mrs. P.: "I can assure you that I regret her death far more than you possibly can. For otherwise, I should not be in the painful position that I am."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

To Celebrate the Birth of the Infant SLOPER, the Friend of Man has decided to give Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to be given to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT,
"The Sloperies,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," March 26th, 1887.

Name

Address

Want*

* * Sloper Watches will not be given.

8th WEEK.

RESULT OF MARCH 12th COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. EMILY BECKWITH, Hill House, GREAT CLACTON.
7 Yards Double Width MYRTLE GREEN CASHMERE.

2. WILLIAM LIPPARD, Cherry Tree, Cherry Garden Street, Bermondsey, LONDON.

A TAME JACKDAW.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address is enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 24, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman about the same age. Advertiser has an income of £300 and does not want to marry anyone for money, is thoroughly domesticated, is considered good-looking, dark, and good figure. Please enclose photo, and address—"MAY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, who is in a good situation in Edinburgh, and in receipt of a good salary, wishes to make the acquaintance of, or correspond with, a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be of a loving disposition, well educated, and a good housekeeper. Good looks are not so much wanted as a loving heart. Would like photo sent with answer. Reply to—"PETER," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY (fair), aged 18, of medium height, considered good looking, and has golden hair, is lovable, and fond of home, would like to correspond with a quiet man of comfortable income, must be dark. No notice will be taken of letter unless accompanied by photo, which will be kept secret. Address—"LILY," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A GENTLEMAN, aged 21, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, and fairly good-looking, accomplished, occupying a promising situation in a city house, income £180 a year, desires to form the acquaintance of a young lady, about 19, with a view to marriage. She must be accomplished and engaging, and though dark hair and eyes would be preferred, the writer feels that these are matters of small importance so long as she is possessed of the qualities which are calculated to render a union happy. Address, enclosing photograph, to—"PIGEON," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A LADY, aged 23, height 5 ft. 4 in., very domesticated and useful, considered pretty and graceful; can ride, play, sing and dance, is also very affectionate and companionable (but unfortunately no means), would like to correspond with a gentleman (dark preferred) possessing suitable means to marry on. Photos exchanged. Address—"ETHEL," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

"* It has come to the knowledge of A. SLOPER, Esq., M.P., that there are those who doubt the genuineness of the Letters published from numerous celebrities acknowledging the receipt of his "AWARD OF MERIT." A. SLOPER, Esq., T.W.M., wishes to assure his patrons that every letter that has been published under the title of "THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX" is bona fide, and a Prize of £100 and the "AWARD OF MERIT" itself will be given to anyone who can prove the contrary.

LONDON PAVILION, HAYMARKET, February 26th, 1887.
DEAR OLD ALLY,—I've got it!!! The dream of my existence is now a reality—the much-sought-for distinction has "come off," and I am now a full-blown F.O.S. But, dear SLOPER, for goodness sake, do go to an adults' night school and improve your "list." I think it is about the "best" worst I've seen. It is decidedly "off." I am very proud to think that my palate tallies exactly with yours, for when I am asked to "nominate my poison," my gargle invariably is "unsweetened." Thanking you kindly for the dignity you have bestowed on me, trusting you will give my love to darling Tootsie, Lardi Longsox, and Tottie Goodenough, believe me, dear SLOPER, to ever remain, Yours very sincerely,
HARRY RANDALL.

ROYALTY THEATRE, DEAN STREET, SOHO, Feb. 26th, 1887.
GRAND OLD MAN,—With gratitude, but in all humility, I accept your "Award of Merit." 'Tis true I am fond—very fond—of *Modern Wives*, a fondness which, I am proud to say, I share with the numberless nightly visitors to the Royalty Theatre. Mine is an honest, godfatherly affection, which is only excelled by that of M. Albin Valabrique, who boasts the prouder honour of paternity. Those "Wives" we both love are his daughters; it is only their English dress, so universally commended, which has been furnished by
Your old friend,
ERNEST WARREN.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND, February 26th, 1887.
MR. EDWARDES begs to thank ALLY SLOPER for his kindness.

THE COVENTRY CLUB, NEW COVENTRY STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C., February 26th, 1887.
MY DEAR SLOPER,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging your "Award of Merit," and to express my admiration for same. Viewing it as a work of art I think it unique; indeed, the position of the gargle bottle at the foot is a poem in itself. Please accept my best thanks; hoping that the fruits of your efforts as the "Friend of Man" may prove like your circulation, "all very fine and large,"
Yours always,
F. BOWYER.

OFFICES OF "THE GLOBE," 367, STRAND, March 1st, 1887.
DEAR MR. SLOPER,—In this Jubilee year honours are not uncommon, but I certainly never anticipated the undeserved dignity you have just conferred upon me. My feelings are all the more keen as I have scarcely yet recovered from a good shake-up by the earthquake at Cannes, and which must account for my not acknowledging the Order sooner. With all respect, I am, dear MR. SLOPER, very faithfully yours,
ALLY SLOPER, Esq.
G. C. ARMSTRONG, F.O.S.

449 STRAND, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, W.C., March 1st, 1887.
MY DEAR MR. SLOPER,—I received your "Award of Merit" on Saturday last, and I was amused and delighted with it. You were very thoughtful to remember me among so many artists and pretty faces at the Avenue.

Londoners seem so pleased when they hear "Sally in our Alley." I suppose it reminds them of the divine manner in which they have heard dear Mr. Sims Reeves sing it. I never have had that pleasure. I know I have missed a great treat. Do you like Americans? I sometimes think Englishmen do not. Your funny paper always delights me, each week I enjoy a good laugh as I read it. My, how busy you must be, always thinking of something amusing.

So I am to consider myself regularly installed as an "F.O.S." I don't really know what that means, but I should say F.O.S. stood for "Fond of Sally."

If I can only be as successful in everything I undertake as I have been in the singing of "Sally in our Alley," I shall indeed feel like remaining in your midst for the balance of my life. Please bear in mind that any time you or Tootsie would like to have me sing "Sally" for any charitable purpose,—Believe me, I am, sincerely yours to command,
LYDIA YEAMANS.

"THE LAZERIES," LONDON, March 2nd, 1887.
TO HIS EMINENCE.

"Undone are papers brown and white,
Unfastened is the knotted string—
Just list amid the laughter light,
And hear the Lazy Minstrel sing."—*Parcel Poems.*

AN F.O.S.! Ah! can it be!
This Grand Sloperian Degree—
A brave Diploma in a frame,
And signed with ALLY'S honoured name—
Is graciously conferred on me?

The Lazy Minstrel's wild with glee,
And scarce believes 'tis true that he
Has reached the goal for which all aim—
An F.O.S.!

To ALLY let me hinge the knee,
And thank him for his courtesy—
All other honour, rank and fame
(Let me assure him) now seem tame
Beside the magic letters, three,
Of F.O.S.!

J. ASHBY-STERRY.

4, THE AVENUE, BEDFORD PARK, March 3rd, 1887.
DEAR OLD UNSWEETENED ALLY,—Although it may seem a long time ago, I am writing to thank you for sending my father, Mr. William Terriss, the "Award of Merit." Your pictures are hung all over the house, and you may be sure, are always admired. I went to see the Drury Lane pantomime recently, and there saw your representative, who is not nearly as nice as yourself. Is there any chance for me with the "Jubilee" Sloper, as I myself am quite a baby? With fond love, I remain, yours sincerely,
ELLALINE TERRISS.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" has been presented to
G. JONES, 323 Old Ford Road, E.
for the Best Portrait (in Oils) of A. SLOPER, Esq.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A BOY of fourteen was sentenced by a magistrate at Leeds to receive twelve lashes for playing at pitch-and-toss. That boy will cry tails.

If you wanted to stop the mouth of a river, would you do it with a lock and quay (key)?

Why is Easter no longer a movable feast? Because it is kept still.

Why is a recruiting sergeant like the wind?—Because he blows where he listeth!

What mental quality does a dress resemble?—Address.

A LEGAL ATTACHMENT—Matrimony.

What is invariably the beginning of love?—The letter "L"

A HONEYMOON IN HIGHLOW TERRACE.

(Commenced in No. 124.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)



W HEN I tell Rose Anna the pastrycook won't take his things back, she says it serves me right. This is a little hard on her part, I must say. I try to make matters agreeable, and point out we shall have enough to live upon for a week at least.

Rose Anna says "Stuff!" I answer, with one of my quiet smiles, "No, dear, we needn't stuff; moderation is the best in all things." She doesn't see it.

We discuss what is to be done with the dinner. I suggest making it into parcels, and sending it to our disappointed guests of the previous day. Rose Anna pooh-poohs the idea.

By-and-bye, when the servant has gone to bed, Rose Anna wonders what that dish is with cream on the top. We go to see.

Rose Anna thinks it looks very good; she is also of opinion it would be a pity if it were spoiled; she wonders after that if it will spoil by keeping till to-morrow; she thinks we had better taste it, and see if it is quite good now.

She does so: it is good—very: she asks me to taste it. I had no notion till I took a spoon in my hand how hungry I was. Ultimately,—who proposed it I can't say,—we both sit down at the kitchen table, and make a capital supper.

Rose Anna recovers her temper and spirits, and when I am inclined to lament over the bill I shall have to pay to the pastrycook, she becomes quite hilarious. I go to bed, and have the nightmare!

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

ROSE ANNA wants some money.

I say, "How much?"

She says, "Oh, a pound or two—five pounds will do—to pay the tradesmen and things."

I take a five-pound note from my little store, and, seeing how very little the store looks without it, begin to feel rather uncomfortable. On the knife-board of the omnibus, on my way to the office, I think things over, and feel more uncomfortable. I am the most uncomfortable of all, when, sitting at my desk, at Couer and



We make a capital supper.

Phlimsey's, I make a calculation on the office paper, and trying to deduct thirty-five from twenty-one, in such a way that there shall be a remainder of fifteen, I find I can't do it.

The fact is, when we began housekeeping, Rose Anna's mother and my mother gave us something for a start. Rose Anna is to have something every year. I also have something besides my office. At my office I have a rising salary. At present it is ninety-pounds a year, and I rise five pounds annually—that is to say, if I show zeal.

The first thing of a morning it is generally my intention to show zeal, and I go on showing zeal up to about one o'clock, when I have lunch. After this I don't show as much zeal, and the head cashier and I usually have words.

To tell the truth, I'm not nearly as sure of that rise as I might be. I calculate all day, and the head cashier makes himself very unpleasant. When I get home at night, the first thing I say to Rose Anna is—

"I want to say a few words to you, my dear, seriously."

She says, "Won't you have dinner first?" I don't see why not, and so I defer the revelation. Presently, however, I tell her things can't go on as they are. We must be reasonable. We must turn over a new leaf.

Without waiting for an explanation, Rose Anna bursts out crying. I endeavour to explain through her sobs, but it makes her worse. I get pen, ink, and paper; and, referring to the tradesmen's books, make a calculation.

I am paralyzed at the result. Rose Anna is in the same condition. I smite my brow, and say we are ruined—in a hollow tone.

Upon continuing my calculations, I find I have made a slight error, and that we don't owe half as much. I hardly like to mention this to Rose Anna; it looks so stupid. However, perhaps it will be best, for she may find it out afterwards.

When she hears the truth, she says, "It's all right, then; put away the nasty books, and don't let's bother any more." I endeavour to explain that it is anything but right, and I go on calculating all the evening, Rose Anna interrupting me at intervals by wishing she was dead.

In fact, we are so miserable at supper-time, we think we had better send out for a nice rump-steak and a bottle of sherry.

(To be continued next week.)



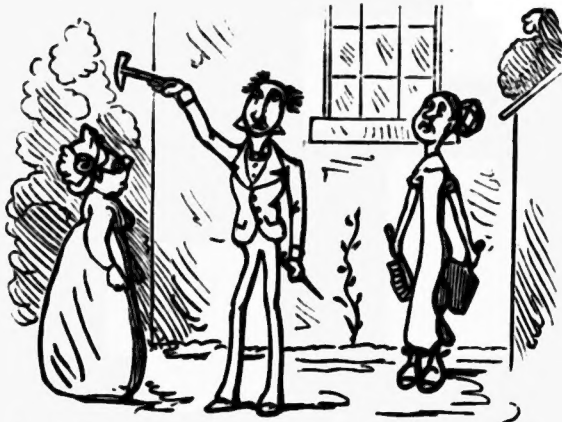
KNOCKED OUT.—And she hath refused him.

LIKE OBEDIENT CHILDREN.
And the wily agitator knoweth his book.

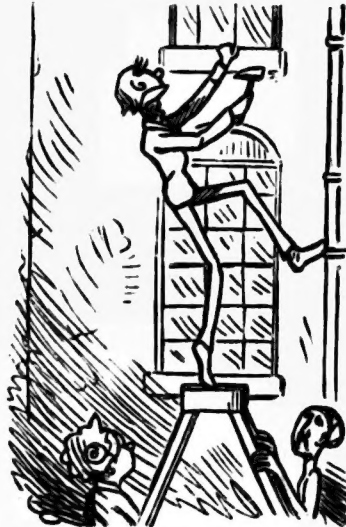
PICKHEAD THE SKITTER.—Wipe off old scores first.



WIERDLY ROMANTIC.—But very discordant.



1. This is how it was:—Mr. Potterbury had planted a bean; and, says he, "It will run all over the house if properly trained."



3. "Don't be too venturesome, my dear," said Mrs. P.



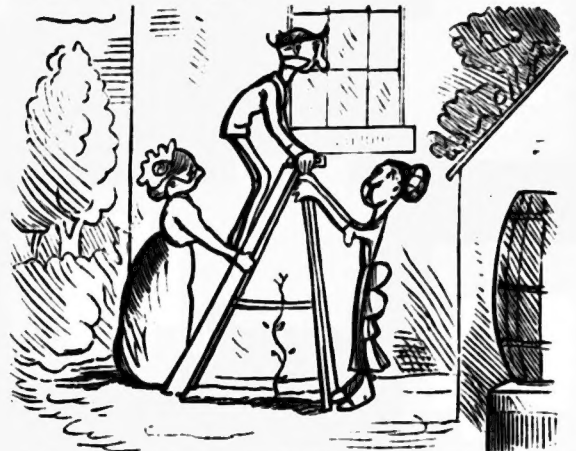
7. But, bless you! that Potterbury still kept on at it, just as if it was nothing out of the common.



4. But there never was such a one as that man Potterbury for deeds of daring.



8. Never giving a thought to Mrs. P. and the girl.



2. So he got Mrs. Potterbury and the girl to hold the step-ladder for him while he knocked in a few nails.



5. In this style, for instance. "Do come back, for goodness sake!"



6. "I always said you'd do it," said Mrs. P.



9. Then Mrs. P. really lost all patience, and taking her large scissors, snipped the stupid beanstalk in two, five inches above the root.



LOGIC IN MARRIED LIFE.

Young Wife (to George, who arrived home in the small hours this morning). We are one, dear, now that we are married, are we not?
George. Certainly, my darling; why?
Young Wife. Oh, I only wanted to know, because if we are I must have been dreadfully inebriated last night.



GRACE.

A Study of Posture.



A DAY OFF FOR THE TWO INTELLECTUAL GIANTS.

The two GOMMIES, the most over-employed men on this Football, resolve on going down to Putney. Politics and papers to be left in charge of office boys or their mothers. It is not often that unity of such strength is to be seen between two Massive Intellectuals. And it's a planet against a cinder that more trees will be felled, and more hogheads of "unsweetened" will be "sent to earth," during this year than has ever been known since Romulus and Remus made "clearings" for Rome. For these are the "Two" who have crashed creation!